

The freezing houres away? We haue scene nothing:
We are beaſtly; ſubtle as the Fox for prey;
Like warlike as the Wolfe, for what we eate:
Our Valour is to chace what flies: Our Cage
We make a Quire, as doth the priſon'd Bird,
And ſing our Bondage freely.

Bel. How you ſpeake.
Did you but know the Citty's Vnities,
And felt them knowingly: the Art o'th' Court,
As hard to leaue, as keepe: whole top to climbe
Is certaine falling: or ſo ſlipp'ry, that
The feare's as bad as falling: The toyle o'th' Warre,
A paine that onely ſeemes to ſeeke out danger
I'th' name of Fame, and Honor, which dyes i'th' ſearch,
And hath as oft a ſland'rous Epitaph,
As Record of faire Act. Nay, many times
Doth ill deſerue, by doing well: what's worſe
Muſt curt'lie at the Censure. Oh Boyes, this Storie
The World may reade in me: My bodie's mark'd
With Roman Swords; and my report, was once
Firſt, with the beſt of Note. *Cymbeline* lou'd me,
And when a Souldier was the Theame, my name
Was not farre off: then was I as a Tree
Whoe boughes did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A Storme, or Robbery (call it what you will)
Shooke downe my mellow hangings: pay my Leagues,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Vncertaine ſaſour.
Bel. My fault being nothing (as I haue told you oft)
But that two Villaines, whole falſe Oathes preuayl'd
Before my perfect Honor, ſwore to *Cymbeline*,
I was Confederate with the Romanes: ſo
Followed my Banishment, and this twenty yeeres,
This Rocke, and theſe Demefnes, haue bene my World,
Where I haue liu'd as honeſt freedom, payed
More pious debts to Heauen, then in all
The fore-end of my time. But, vp to'th' Mountaines,
This is not Hunters Language; he that ſtrikes
The Veniſon firſt, ſhall be the Lord o'th' Feaſt,
To him the other two ſhall miniſter,
And we will feare no poyſon, which attends
In place of greater State:
He meete you in the Valleys.
How hard it is to hide the ſparkes of Nature?
Theſe Boyes know little they are Sonnes to'th' King,
Nor *Cymbeline* dreames that they are alie.
They thinke they are mine,
And though train'd vp thus meanelly
I'th' Caue, whereon the Bowe their thoughts do hit,
The Roofes of Palaces, and Nature prompts them
In ſimple and lowe things, to Rince it, much
Beyond the ſicke of others. This *Paladour*,
The heyre of *Cymbeline* and *Belaine*, who
The King his Father call'd *Guiderius*. Ioue,
When on my three-foot ſtoole I ſit, and tell
The warlike ſtory I haue done, his ſpirits flye out
Into my Story: ſay thus mine Enemy fell,
And thus I ſet my ſourc on's necke, even then
The Princely blood flowes in his Cheeke, he ſweats,
Straines his yong Nerues, and puts himſelfe in poſture
That acts my words. The yonger Brother *Cadwall*,
Once *Aruragus*, in as like a figure
Strikes life into my ſpeech, and ſhewes much more
His owne conceyting. Hearke, the Game is row'd,
Oh *Cymbeline*, Heauen and my Conſcience knowes
Thou didſt vniuſtly baniſh me: whereon

At three, and two yeeres old, I ſole theſe Babes,
Thinking to barre thee of Succeſſion, as
Thou reſts me of my Lands. *Euriphile*,
Thou waſt their Nurſe, they took thee for their mother;
And every day do honor to her graue:
My ſelfe *Belarius*, that am *Morgan* call'd
They take for Naturall Father. The Game is vp. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter *Pisano* and *Imogen*.

Imo. Thou told'ſt me when we came fro' horſe, y place
Was nere at hand: Ne're long'd my Mother to
To ſee me firſt, as I haue now: *Pisano*, Man:
Where is *Posthumus*? What is in thy mind
That makes thee ſtare thus? Wherefore breaks that ſigh
From th' inward of thee? One, but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond ſelfe-explication. Put thy ſelfe
Into a hauour of leſſe feare, ere wildneſſe
Vanquiſh my Rayder Senſes. What's the matter?
Why tender'ſt thou that Paper to me, with
A looke vntender? Iſt be Summer Newes
Smile too't before: iſt Winterly, thou need'ſt
But keepe that count'nance ſil. My Huſbands hand?
That Drug-damn'd Italy, hath out-craſted him,
And hee's at ſome hard point. Speake man, thy Tongue
May take off ſome extremitie, which to reade
Would be even mortall to me.

Pis. Pleaſe you reade,
And you ſhall finde me (wretched man) a thing
The moſt diſtain'd of Fortune.

Imogen reade.

Thy Miſtris (*Pisano*) hath plac'd the Strumpet in my
Bed: the Teſtimonyes whereof, lyes bleeding in me. I ſpeak
not out of weak ſurmiſes, but from prooffe as ſtrong as my
greeſe, and as certaine as I expect my Reuenge. That part, thou
(*Pisano*) muſt abſe for me, iſt thy Faith be not tainted with the
breach of hers: let thine owne hands take away her life: I ſhall
giue thee opportunity at Milford Hauen. She hath my Letter
for the purpoſe: where, iſt thou feare to ſtrike, and to make mee
certaine it is done, thou art the Pander to her diſhonour, and
equally to me diſloyall.

Pis. What ſhall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper
Hath cut her throat already? No, 'tis Slander,
Whoe edge is ſharper then the Sword, whoſe tongue
Out-venomes all the Wormes of Nyle, whoſe breath
Rides on the poſting windes, and doth belye
All corners of the World. Kings, Queenes, and States,
Maides, Matrons, nay the Secrets of the Graue
This viperous ſlander enters. What cheere, Madam?
Imo. Faſte to his Bed? What is it to be faſte?
To lye in watch there, and to thinke on him?
To weepe 'twixt clock and clock? Iſt ſleep charge Nature,
To breake it with a fearfull dreame of him,
And cry my ſelfe awake? That's faſte to's bed? Is it?
Pis. Alas good Lady.

Imo. I faſte? Thy Conſcience witneſſe: *Iachimo*,
Thou didſt accuſe him of Incontinencie,
Thou then look'dſt like a Villaine: now, me thinkeſt

Thy

Thy fauours good enough. Some ſay of Italy
(Whole mother was her painting) hath betrayd him:
Poore I am ſtale, a Garment out of faſhion,
And for I am richer then to hang by th' wallies,
I muſt be ript: To peeces with me: Oh!
Mens Vowes are womens Traitors. All good ſeeming
By thy reuolt (oh Huſband) ſhall be thought
Put on for Villainy; not borne where't growes,
But worne a Baite for Ladies.

Pis. Good Madam, heare me.

Imo. True honeſt men being heard, like falſe *Aeneas*,
Were in his time thought falſe: and *Synon* weeping
Did ſcandall many a holy teare: tooke pittie
From moſt true wretchedneſſe. So thou, *Posthumus*
Wilt lay the Leauen on all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, ſhalt be falſe and periur'd
From thy great faile: Come Fellow, be thou honeſt,
Do thou thy Maſters bidding. When thou ſeeſt him,
A little witneſſe my obedience. Looke
I draw the Sword my ſelfe, take it, and hit
The innocent Manſion of my Loue (my Heart):
Feare not, 'tis empty of all things, but Greeſe:
Thy Maſter is not there, who was indeede
The riches of it. Do his bidding, ſtrike,
Thou mayſt be valiant in a better cauſe;
But now thou ſeem'ſt a Coward.

Pis. Hence vile Inſtrument,

Thou ſhalt not damne my hand.

Imo. Why, I muſt dye:

And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No ſeruant of thy Maſters. Againſt Selfe-ſlaughter,
There is a prohibition ſo Diuine,
That crauens my weak hand: Come, heere's my heart:
Something's a-foot: Soft, ſoft, wee'no defence,
Obedient as the Scabbard. What is heere,
The Scriptures of the Loyall *Leonatus*,
All turn'd to Herſe? Away, away
Corrupters of my Faith, you ſhall no more
Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may poore Fooles
Beleeue falſe Teachers: Though thoſe that are betrayd
Do ſeele the Treason ſharply, yet the Traitor
Stands in worſe caſe of woe. And thou *Posthumus*,
That didſt ſet vp my diſobedience againſt the King
My Father, and makes me put into contempt the ſuites
Of Princely Fellowes, ſhalt heereafter finde
It is no acte of common paſſage, but
A ſtaine of Rareneſſe: and I grieue my ſelfe,
To thinke, when thou ſhalt be diſedg'd by her,
That now thou tyreſt on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Prythee diſpatch,
The Lambe entreates the Butcher. Wher's thy knife?
Thou art too ſlow to do thy Maſters bidding
When I deſire it too.

Pis. Oh gracious Lady:

Since I recei'd command to do this buſineſſe,
I haue not ſlept one wink.

Imo. Doo't, and to bed then.*Pis.* He wake mine eye-balls firſt.*Imo.* Wherefore then

Didſt vnder take it? Why haſt thou abus'd
So many Miles, with a pretence? This place?
Mine Action? and thine owne? Our Horſes labour?
The Time inuſing thee? The perturb'd Court
For my being abſent? whereunto I neuer
Purpoſe returne. Why haſt thou gone ſo farre
To be vn-bent? when thou haſt 'tane thy ſtand,

Th' elected Deere before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To looſe ſo bad employment, in the which
I haue conſider'd of a courſe: good Ladie
Heare me with patience.

Imo. Talke thy tongue weary, ſpeake:
I haue heard I am a Strumpet, and mine care
Therein falſe ſtrooke, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent, to bosome that. But ſpeake.

Pis. Then Madam,
I thought you would not backe againe.

Imo. Moſt like,
Bringing me heere to kill me.

Pis. Not ſo neither:
But if I were as wiſe, as honeſt, then
My purpoſe would proue well: it cannot be,
But that my Maſter is abus'd. Some Villaine,
I, and ſingular in his Art, hath done you both
This curſed iniurie.

Imo. Some Roman Curtezan?

Pis. No, on my life:
He giue but notice you are dead, and ſend him
Some bloody ſigne of it. For 'tis commanded
I ſhould do ſo: you ſhall be miſt at Court,
And that will well confirme it.

Imo. Why good Fellow,
What ſhall I do the while? Where bide? How liue?
Or in my life, what comfort, when I am
Dead to my Huſband?

Pis. If you'l backe to'th' Court.

Imo. No Court, no Father, nor no more adoe
With that harſh, noble, ſimple nothing:
That *Cloten*, whoſe Loue-ſuite hath bene to me
As fearefull as a Siege.

Pis. If not at Court,
Then not in Britaine muſt you bide.

Imo. Where then?

Hath Britaine all the Sunne that ſhines? Day? Night?
Are they not but in Britaine? I'th' worlds Volume
Our Britaine ſeemes as of it, but not in it:
In a great Poole, a Swannes-neſt, prythee thinke
There's liuers out of Britaine.

Pis. I am moſt glad

You thinke of other place: Th' Ambaſſador,
Lucius the Roman comes to Milford-Hauen
To morrow. Now, if you could weare a minde
Darke, as your Fortune is, and but diſguiſe
That which t'appeare it ſelfe, muſt not yet be,
But by ſelfe-danger, you ſhould tread a courſe
Pretty, and full of view: yea, happily, neere
The reſidence of *Posthumus*; ſo nee (at leaſt)
That though his Actions were not viſible, yet
Report ſhould render him hourly to your eare,
As truly as he mooues.

Imo. Oh for ſuch meanes,
Though perill to my modeſtie, not death on
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, heere's the point:

You muſt forget to be a Woman: change
Command, into obedience. Feare, and Niceneſſe
(The Handmaides of all Women, or more truly
Woman it pretty ſelfe) into a waggiſh courage,
Ready in gybes, quicke-answer'd, lawcie, and
As quarrellous as the Weazell: Nay, you muſt
Forget that rareſt Treafure of your Cheeke,
Expoſing it (but oh the harder heart,

Alacke